

BUSINESS CARDS

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Thurs. eve. NORWAY

S. S. GREENLEAF
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AMBULANCE FOR MOVING THE SICK
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E. E. WHITNEY & CO.
BETHEL, MAINE
MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKERS
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FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP
Letters of inquiry promptly answered
See Our Work—Get Our Prices
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Satisfaction Guaranteed

EXPERT FRAMING
Only the finest of materials used, and we know just how to combine them to harmonize with the beauties of the picture that we frame.
OUR PRICES ARE MODERATE
at TYLER'S
Spring St., Bethel, Maine 40

BETHEL VILLAGE CORPORATION
FIRE ALARM SIGNALS

- 1 blast, repeated at one minute intervals, Broad, Mason and Paradise Streets.
- 2 blasts, repeated at one minute intervals, Mill Hill.
- 3 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Church, Park, Upper High, Upper Summer, Elm Streets.
- 4 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Main to Bryant's Store, Spring, Brighton, Chapman Streets.
- 5 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Lower Main, Mechanic, Clark, Lower High, Lower Summer, Vernon Streets.
- 6 blasts, repeated at two minute intervals, Mills, Mill Yards and Railroad Street.

IN CASE OF FIRE—Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will tend to the alarm immediately.

TIME TABLE
For the Sept. 7, 1930
EAST BOUND

	DeSan.	Daily
Island Pond, Vt.	6:17	2:05
Bethel, N. H.	6:29	2:17
Gilead, Me.	7:34	3:22
West Bethel, N. H.	7:44	3:32
BETHEL	7:51	3:40
Land, Me.	7:51	3:40
Bryant's Pond	8:06	3:55
West Bethel, N. H.	8:19	4:10
North, Me.	8:31	4:22
Lebanon, N. H.	8:40	4:31
Portland	9:03	4:54

	Daily	ExSan.
Portland	8:09	2:17
Lebanon, N. H.	8:21	2:29
North, Me.	8:34	2:42
West Bethel, N. H.	8:46	2:54
Bryant's Pond	8:59	3:07
Land, Me.	9:15	3:23
BETHEL	9:25	3:33
West Bethel, N. H.	9:45	3:53
Gilead, N. H.	10:03	4:11
Bethel, N. H.	10:13	4:21
Island Pond, Vt.	10:23	4:31



Quick Action
Most folks when they decide to have a piece of printing done want it at once. We are well equipped to give prompt service on your work. Furthermore, it will not look like a hurry up job, since our ability to handle rush work enables us to give it the same careful attention that is given less hurried work.

That's Us
THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS
We can help you solve your printing problems

SOUTH WATERFORD

Stanton Lamb of Bethel is with Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Merrill and is attending school in the Primary room.
Miss Anna Burnham and her friend Miss Ellen Chase of Falmouth were callers of Mrs. Martha P. Perry on Thursday. Miss Burnham is a niece of Mrs. Perry.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Merrill, Stanton Lamb, Mrs. Horace Skinner, Mildred Haynes and Maizie Clough went to Crawford and Farnconia Notches Sunday, Oct. 12th. Owing to road construction they arrived home too late for Miss Haynes to return to Portland with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Warren. Monday night, Mr. and Mrs. Merrill took Mildred Haynes, her mother, Mrs. Harry N. Hayes, Mrs. Ralph Stevens and daughter Marquette to Portland. Mrs. Stevens and daughter returned to their home in West Medford, Mass., from Portland by train.

Harry N. Hayes is suffering from poisoning on his arms.
W. W. Abbott has been more comfortable. Some days he can eat his meals bolstered up. Other days he has not the strength to attempt these slight changes.

W. E. Abbott, his brother James Abbott of North Paris, and James Leavitt of Bridgton, motored to Winthrop, Maine, on Sunday to visit Arnold Abbott. They returned on Monday. Mrs. Abbott visited Mrs. Leopold in Bridgton during their absence.

Mrs. Minnie Guilford of Troy, N. H., visited her brother, Frank Billings, a few days the first of this week.

Miss Lena York was in Lewiston the first of the past week for removal of polyps in her nose. Her cousin, Mrs. Robert Greenleaf of Auburn, came for her and she returned home on Thursday.

Charles Nelson is fast completing his yard and houses for his fox industry.

Mr. and Mrs. Millard Littlefield moved into the Coleman house near Will Mar's the first of the week.

Mrs. Orrie E. Monroe left for New York for the winter on Monday. Miss Maude B. Atherton is remaining with her sister, Mrs. Jennie Plummer, for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Hamlin attended the Milk Producers' Association meeting at Norway on Friday night, going with their daughter and husband, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Anderson of Harri-

ton.
Mrs. Minnie Santora has been quite ill but is again about the house. Mrs. Lena Andrews is with her mother, Mrs. Sarah Jordan, for a while.

Repairs on the Grange Hall began on Monday. Arthur Krugman has charge of the work.

Mrs. C. D. Tarbox and daughter Cora and Harrison of Saturday in the family of her brother, Harry N. Haynes. The renovation of the South house is nearly completed and ready for occupancy.

Bertha Kimball of North Waterford came to W. W. Abbott's to assist in the housework this past week.

Deer Mountain Grange held its regular meeting on Saturday evening with a good attendance. The following program was presented by the worthy leader:

Music: Grange Chorus
Song: Reading, New England's Answer
Song: Ethel M. Monroe
Song: Edna and Ethel Kimball
Quintettes for Happiness: All
Vocal solo: Henry S. Haynes
How Sales Prepared to Rally: All
Reading: De a Reader

Mrs. A. L. Anderson was the leader of the program committee.
Mrs. Morton Kimball has been called to her mother, Mrs. Merrill's home, recently, owing to illness.

Those attending services at the Flat Sunday morning enjoyed Rev. Harold Bentley's sermon from a text taken from Matthew 11, 14. It was a change Sunday with Portland minister. Next Sunday is another exchange with Norway and South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Warren of Portland gave her mother and father and sons, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Hamlin and Mrs. Carrie Haynes, a delightful surprise on Sunday to Kent's Hall, returning by Livermore Falls where they called on their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles How and Mr. and Mrs. Addie Whitman (nee Morrill) and home by the way of Hebron.

Our late summer terminated in a heavy rain, followed by heavy frosts this past week.

Mrs. E. K. Kilgore, who has been in and out a lame back for a week, is now about her household duties again.

The livestock college was held for its second day for the winter.
The Mrs. Howard, who has been ill from a lame back, is on the road to recovery.

NEWRY

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kelley and two children of Denmark were Sunday callers at Walter Powers'.
Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hakala and son Robert were in Paris for the week

GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davis of Rumford were in town at their farm last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Powers were in Rumford last Wednesday.

The crew who has been working on the State road have finished work and moved to their next job at Winthrop.

Mr. R. Powers and family called last Sunday to see Mrs. C. E. Burgess.

The rain of last week was very welcome as the water was getting low at several homes.

They took the cattle from Chase Hill pasture last Saturday, 115 in number, all looking well. Newell Godwin also took his to his home in Hamover.

NORTH NEWRY

Donald Benn and family of South Paris spent the week end at their camp here.

Mrs. Hartley Hanson and children called on Mrs. L. E. Wight Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wight entertained State Master H. B. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Ferrey have for guests, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dunham of Auburn, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. French of Bethel attended church here Sunday morning.

Fred Wight, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wight and Miss Elizabeth Wight motored to Dixville Notch Sunday afternoon.

The schools on Bear River are preparing a Halloween Entertainment and Box Supper to be held at the church Halloween night.

SOUTH ALBANY

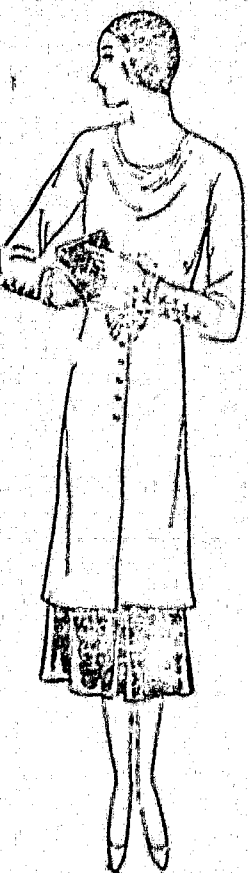
Mrs. Nancy Andrews, Mrs. Bertha Andrews and Mrs. Roy Wardwell attended the Union Association of Congregational Churches at North Bridgton last week.

Rev. Harold Booth of Portland conducted the services at the Albany Church on Sunday, preaching a very inspiring and helpful sermon.

Donald Brown, Frederic Scribner and Lucie Kimball were at their homes over the week end.

Roy Wardwell and crew are at work repairing the Albany telephone line.

LATEST DRESSES



in
Wool Jerseys,
and
Silks

at the popular price

\$5.75

Don't forget—

Cold Weather is Coming,
Come in and see our Winter Coats.

Edw. P. Lyon
Bethel, Maine

ODEON HALL

Fri.-Sat., Oct. 24-25

Gary Cooper

in

The Virginian

You have read the book, Come and see the show.

20c and 35c

Western Electric
SOUND SYSTEM

Pictures Wed. Thurs., Change Fri. Sat., Nights

GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Garber and family from Bethel were recent callers at Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Tyler's.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben S. Tyler and family from East Bethel were calling on friends in this place Sunday.

James Alandi is ill with congestion of the lungs and is attended by a physician. Colds are prevailing just at present.

Grove Waterhouse is confined to the house by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde L. Whitman and Mrs. E. B. Whitman recently called on friends in Portsmouth, N. H., when on a pleasure trip around the mountains.

Mrs. Lillian V. Whitman and daughter Dorothy, who have enjoyed a long vacation at their camp, left for their home in Medford, Mass., Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Whitman's brother, Edward Gibbs, who came for them Saturday and attended to closing the camp for the winter.

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Mr. and Mrs. Willis McKoen and daughter Ava called at James Kimball's Saturday.

Miss Frances Holt visited her friend at Newry over the week end.

E. E. Cross and Mrs. Laura McKoen from Portland were supper guests at James Kimball's Sunday night.

A fine time was enjoyed by all who attended the Circle Oct. 30 with candy and pop corn for sale.

Friends of Mrs. Robert Hill are glad to know that she is improving and expects to leave the hospital soon.

Ivan Kimball and Leo Stearns were in Norway one day recently.

GILEAD

Mr. and Mrs. John Richardson returned home Tuesday evening from Chiswick Falls, Mass., where they have been the guests of relatives.

Mrs. Ira Cole of Gray was called here Monday by the serious illness of her grandmother, Mrs. Sweet.

Mrs. Alfreda Davis of Brattleboro, Vt., was a recent guest of relatives and friends in town.

O. K. CLIFFORD CO., Inc.
Park Street
So. Paris, - - Maine

Sales and Service Station

DODGE BROTHERS

CARS and TRUCKS

ELECTROL

What Does it Mean?

The oil heating system that has economy of operation and service behind it.

H. Alton Bacon

Bryants Pond, Maine

For Particulars and Price

ALSO FOWLER RANGE BURNERS

Bethel Savings Bank

BETHEL, MAINE

Edison Mazda Lamps

in Toy Railroad Stations

Stores and Homes

YOU can now buy Edison MAZDA lamps in attractive toy

cars for any room, any fixture, or any portable lamp.

This new railroad station carton contains six Edison MAZDA

lamps—of any desired size. It provides you with lamps you

need, and the children with a novel toy. A chart on the

back of the station tells what size lamp to use in each of your

fixtures.

You may secure these house cartons containing various size

lamps at the following new prices:

PRICE LIST

6—100 Watt Lamps - \$1.89

6— 60 Watt Lamps - 1.08

6— 50 Watt Lamps - 1.08

6— 40 Watt Lamps - 1.08

6— 25 Watt Lamps - 1.08

CENTRAL MAINE POWER CO.

at any of our stores

AVOL

Thousands of prescriptions for this A-Vol stops pain in headaches, new

remarkable formula were filled by A-Vol now comes in handy tubes of

12 tablets, 25c, 30 tablets 50c, medic-

ine chest also \$1.00 at any phar-

macy, and endorses A-Vol as a safe, effective, and on receipt of

price from A-Vol Co., Hallowell, Me.

Contains No Aspirin or Other Heart Depressants.

Headaches! Colds! Neuralgia! Dental Pain!

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Arenburg are solving congratulations on the birth of a daughter Sunday, Oct. 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Olmstead of Berlin, N. H., was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Annie Enman and Miss M. Holman of Gorham, N. H., were in town recently.

Mrs. Annie Smith and Miss D. Higgins of Portland were guests of friends in town Sunday.

Mrs. Margie Kimball and Mrs. H. Collette of Bryant Pond spent a week end at the home of Mrs. M. Elstead.

Joseph Billedeau has purchased Dodge car.

WOMEN

There are women, many

of them throughout the

country, making fairly

good salaries, who have

no acquaintance with a

Bank account.

After years of toil, their

only assets are tired bodies

and worn out nerves.

Better lay a little up and

keep it here with us.

—O—

Bethel Savings Bank

BETHEL, MAINE

Edison Mazda Lamps

in Toy Railroad Stations

Stores and Homes

YOU can now buy Edison MAZDA lamps in attractive toy

cars for any room, any fixture, or any portable lamp.

This new railroad station carton contains six Edison MAZDA

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At the Devil's Whirlpool

By CHARLES SLOAN REID

(Copyright.)

THE top of Bald Cliff stood revealed in the moonlight; and outlined there were two figures near the edge of the rock. From the base of the cliff, far below, came the sound of rushing waters. The Devil's Whirlpool, a miniature Niagara, lay below, the depths of whose swirl no one knew. "Jane, don't put me off no longer, honey," Mat Granger was holding the girl's hands with his eager lips but a few inches from hers. "But, Mat, you don't know—no, you don't know!"

"But I do know, Jane. Ain't the old man ever give in yet?" "No, Mat, an' that ain't the worst—he ain't ever givin' in."

"Lord, honey, an' an' yuh gosh, to let the stand awit us forever? We can run away an' get married! We can come back, the old man can't say nothin'!"

A distinct shudder passed through the girl's frame. "That's jest it, Mat—Paw says if I run away w' yuh, he'll follow yuh down an' shoot yuh, shore!"

"Mat, Mat, yuh don't know—no, yuh don't know!"

"No, no, no; yuh don't know Paw, he's all on account o' yore Paw shootin' in his brother 'bout them hogst twenty year ago. Of course it was self-defense, an' Paw knows it; but some how he can't git it out'n his system."

"Jane?" Mat's words came in short, quick breaths; "ef yuh won't run away w' me, I'll steal yuh, honey. Ef I can't have yuh, I'd jest as soon be dead. So what's the difference?"

Back in the cabin, fifty yards away, old Storum woke from a muddling sleep, with hicoughs. "Hic—hic—I reckon I got to get up an' drink about a bucketful o' water," he decided.

From a corner he took down a gourd in a nail in the wall, and dipped a bowl of it into a bucket which stood on a shelf there. At length he turned toward the bed, his hicoughs quieted. Passing the open door of a bed room, he glanced at a bed near opposite window, upon which the moonlight now fell. Quickly turning he called.

"What's the matter now, Paw?" came from the bed he lately had left. "What's Jane?"

"Lord, I don't know; ef she ain't in bed."

"Well, she ain't, nuther."

"That's funny."

"Taint funny, nuther, ef'n she's run w' yuh that scamp, Mat Granger, May she ain't got fur."

Storum hurried to the front door of the cabin. He had thought of the girl. He had thought of his own wife in her girlhood, and remembered, creeping through the bushes he approached the rock in a round-about way, and soon came up just in the rear of it. His teeth were together with a snap when he recognized Mat and Jane. They were standing some distance apart, Mat quite near the edge of the rock. Storums blood boiled as old hag fens rose in his thoughts at a dozen horrors would bring him Mat Granger's back. Maybe he could be quick enough to accomplish his deed he had resolved upon before he could give warning. Crouching, planted his left foot behind him to aid in the first spring. A slight tremor from his outstretched hands told the young mountaineer of the edge of the rock and into the whirlpool below.

Recently there was the sound of body slithering forward through the trees of the scrubbery. Jane screamed. Mat quickly jerked his head about, catching the nature of the onslaught at stepped aside just in time to escape the catapulting form of Storums. Storums' momentum was such that he did not stop. In an instant he had at head foremost, over the edge of the cliff. Jane clapped her hands for eyes, and sank to the rock.

"For God's sake, a little help here, ne?" The words came from Mat in the gasps.

Jane sprang to her feet. As Storums body had shot past Mat's hands, Mat had swept outward—just in time to seize one foot of the big mountaineer as his body disappeared over the brink of the precipice. Storums hung suspended down the face of the rock, while Mat, lying flat upon the cliff, was clinging to that one foot. "Git a long stick back there, Jane, let yuh aid git hold of it, while I lie down like I be."

Jane obeyed.

Famous Santa Fe Trail

Linked With Coronado

It was in 1541 that Coronado followed the future line of the Santa Fe trail, probably as far as the site of Wichita, and that date, though the suggestion as to earlier years fails to response, deserves some sort of commemoration. The Santa Fe trail or portions of it, must have known the sweep of more than one ancient migration before Coronado's day—perhaps descending from the North, perhaps coming up out of the crowded old civilizations of the South—but its known history began with Coronado. And what a history it was through more than 300 years! It was the first of the great benten tracks which joined the American East and West. It never approached in populosity those later northern routes that went from the Mississippi to Oregon and California, nor was its traffic notable for the riches carried. But where the other trails went into an almost virgin territory, the Santa Fe trail linked two opposing civilizations.

West and south along its course, following the pioneers, the traders and the buffalo hunters, went that tide from the Middle West which battled and finally supplanted and transplanted traditions and life of far-off Spain. —Boston Herald.

Conventional Idea of

Lightning Found Wrong

At a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1850 the Scottish engineer, James Nasmyth, son of a landscape painter, stated that "in no instance among the many thunderstorms whose progress he had most attentively watched had he ever observed such forms of lightning as that usually represented in works of art; in all such the artists invariably adopt a conventional form, namely, that of a zigzag combination of straight lines."

Nasmyth believed the error of the artists originated in the form given to the thunderbolt in the hand of Zeus as sculptured by the ancient Greeks. Some decades after these remarks were uttered the photography of lightning began to be common, and the photographs all showed that he was right in believing that lightning is never truly zigzag. Its path generally includes many sinuous curves, and it often branches, but a sharp angle is very rarely seen in a photograph, and it is then doubtless an effect of perspective. —Charles F. Talman in "Why the Weather."

Mirror Superstition

It is within the experience of almost every one to encounter bad luck within seven years, whether or not one breaks a mirror, spills salt or walks under a ladder. Such beliefs are pure superstition. Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities says about the matter: "Mirrors were used by magicians in their diabolical experiments, and in ancient times was practiced a kind of divination by the looking-glass; whence, it should seem, has been derived the present popular notion, according to which the breaking of a looking-glass is accounted a most unlucky accident, being ominous of the loss of his best friend by the person to whom it belongs. Grose gives it as betokening death in the family circle, commonly of the master."

Size of Canada

Canada is Britain's largest overseas dominion; bounded by three oceans. Coastal distance (per Canada Year Book): Pacific coast line, 7,150 miles; Hudson bay coastline mainland, 6,000 miles; Atlantic coast line, 5,000 miles—total, 18,150 miles. Canada's greatest width in due east and west direction approximately 3,350 miles; greatest distance between southerly and known northerly land extremities, approximately 2,570 miles. Canada-United States boundary, 3,933 miles long; 1,737 by land, 2,197 through water. Canada is larger in area than the United States, with Alaska, by 32,012,000 acres.

Ornate Royal Tombs

Every Persian ruler, like all the great rulers of all the lands, of all time, took great care to see that his body would be preserved and protected after death; and much money was spent in the erection of tombs and the carving of caves to receive these royal remains. Many of them can be seen today not far from the ancient city of Persepolis, near the Persian gulf. Some of these tombs were built of huge blocks of stone, but many others were carved out of the solid rock and their entrances then mortared up with stone.

Sturgeon Eggs for Tractors

The Volga river of Russia furnishes sturgeon from which eggs are taken. These eggs find a ready market throughout the world and are traded for tractors, electrical machinery and cotton goods. A third of the weight of the female sturgeon is sometimes accounted for by the roe and when it is cured and marketed it is caviar, a highly priced and delicate food. We import 300 tons from Russia which comes to over \$800,000 annually.

Songs Quickly Forgotten

E. C. Mills of the National Broadcasting company says the modern popular tune has a life span of 90 days. It is this situation which has given rise to such new methods of distribution as selling phonograph records at the newsstands.

WEST PARIS FRUIT

SURVEY STARTED

Fruit growers from the towns of Paris, Sumner, Woodstock, and Greenwood initiated a marketing survey, the first in the state, Wednesday evening, at the Community Hall, West Paris. Three members of the recently formed Fruit Contact Committee attended, W. J. Ricker of Turner, Irving Andrews of South Paris and Fred Sturtevant of Augusta.

Speaking of the real need of better marketing methods and facilities, Mr. Ricker stressed the necessity of a fact finding survey as the first step. Orchardists familiar with the situation note this development as the outgrowth of their meeting last spring at Farm and Home Week, Orono, when C. S. Wilson, member of the Federal Farm Board, explained to them how they could cooperate to secure the benefits of the Agricultural Marketing Act. A "Contact Committee" was then formed to represent the growers, consisting of:

W. H. Ricker, Turner, Chairman
W. H. Conant, Buckfield
Irving Andrews, South Paris
Ernest Thompson, Lewiston
Arthur Thompson, New Gloucester
F. N. Hobbs, Hope
Walter Dolley, Limerick
C. C. Clements, Winterport
Neil Stanley, Pittsfield
H. W. Peck, Winthrop
H. P. Sweetser, Cumberland Center
J. J. Mosher, Farmington
Fred Sturtevant, Augusta
A. R. Gardner, Orono, Secretary

The committee arranged for a meeting of fruit growers, held at Highmoor, June 11. About 150 growers from all over the state met and discussed the question of cooperative apple marketing in Maine. Among the speakers were Ralph Rees, Fruit and Vegetable Representative of the Farm Board in the Northeastern States; Commissioner of Agriculture Frank P. Washburn, and A. L. Downing, Assistant Director of the Extension Service, Orono.

The decision finally reached was that a careful and painstaking survey of apple marketing conditions in Maine should precede any attempt to form cooperative associations. The discussion brought out that the production of certain varieties, notably the McIntosh, was well adapted to Maine and that this variety could compete favorably with quality fruit from other commercial areas; but that growers in other areas were increasing the quantity and quality of their production and that some concerted action on the part of Maine growers was necessary to preserve and expand their own market outlets.

Mr. Rees listed the benefits to growers from cooperative packing and marketing, as: Furnishes adequate packing facilities to put out a pack to meet requirements by law; standardizes and unifies the pack; relieves the growers of the worry and labor of packing; gives the small grower the same advantage now enjoyed by all the large and the greater facilities afforded; disposal of cull fruit in early shipments, such as cider stock; and, last, it concentrates the volume of fruit of like varieties and grades which will have a greater market value.

The West Paris growers applied for a survey to determine if they had a sufficient volume of the right varieties, number of trees, age of trees, equipment, and other pertinent information. Mr. Bailey, County Agent, and Mr. Atherton, Extension Marketing Specialist, are assisting in making the survey. The results will be published probably next month.

Roxy's Wrought Iron Gates

A highly individual and daring piece of work in wrought iron is the beautiful pair of gates lately installed in the New York apartment of S. L. Rothafel.

Iron Gates in "Roxy's" Apartment

The daring consists in a symbolic representation of the owner himself, "Roxy," as he is familiarly known to the American public. He is introduced as the genius or personification of music, holding in his hand threads that run out to control minor figures representative of song, instrumental music and the dance as employed in his famed "Cathedral of the Movies."

The treatment of this novel subject matter, however, is characterized by restraint. It embodies such feelings for the possibilities of wrought iron, such respect for the time-honored marks of smithcraft, that it has been greatly praised. —Wrought Iron Record.

Few Groups of Eskimos

Snow-house dwellers

Snow houses are unknown to the Alaskan Eskimos, and in the Mackenzie delta region such dwellings are used only in emergencies.

The snow house has long been and still is the winter habitation of a number of Eskimo groups scattered eastward from Coronation gulf to Greenland. Even in that isolated region the snow house is regularly inhabited only when no other building materials are available. Some of these Eskimo hunters are very adept at constructing houses of snow for the temporary shelter of their families.

The Labrador Eskimos do not live in snow houses, and out of the 12,000 Eskimos in fire and only a few hundred living around Cape York ever dwell in such shelters. Then among these the more usual winter dwelling consists of walls of earth or stone and rafters of stone slabs or the large bones of animals.

It is supposed that the Eskimos are descended from Asiatic peoples who gradually worked their way into the Far North. Ancient rules found throughout the region where snow houses are still regularly or occasionally used indicate that the house of stone, driftwood and whalebone is older than the light or hemispherical house built of blocks of snow laid in spiral courses.

Peasant Had Definite

if Peculiar Grievance

One of the most familiar stories of Athenian history is that of Aristides and the peasant, says an article in a Boston paper. The ancient Athenians were just as human as any other people of later times, despite our tendency to regard them as supermen. Aristides, it will be remembered, was a great and good man whose policy was opposed to that of the brilliant and unscrupulous Themistocles.

The deadlock between the two leaders had to be broken by ostracism, which provided for the temporary banishment of the less popular leader. A peasant accused Aristides and asked him to write the name of Aristides on his ballot. This was a vote for banishment and the leader asked the peasant if Aristides had ever injured him. "No," the man answered. "But I am tired of hearing him called Aristides the Just."

Viking History

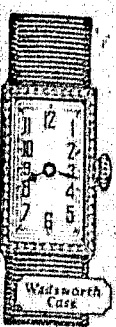
In a little island in the middle of the Irish sea there is held every year on July 3 (representing midsummer day, old style), the promulgation of the Manx laws. The scene of the ceremony is Tynwald hill, in the Isle of Man.

It is a living relic of the important part played in the history of England by the Vikings, who from the close of the Eighth century made plundering excursions to the British Isles, and then settled first in the Orkneys and Shetlands, later in the Hebrides, and thence gradually in the western isles of Scotland; in Ireland, where they were met by their brethren coming round by the south, and in Man, whence they spread eastward till they joined forces with their kinsfolk in York.

Houlton—Girls' dormitory will be enlarged at Ricker Classical Institute.

You Will Want
for these cold days and nights
Some of our New Outing Night
Robes—also Silk and Wool Hose.

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28x4.40	\$6.30
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Don't Fail to See This
Latest Goodyear "Scoop"

The Handsome Man

by
MARGARET
TURNBULL

Illustrations by
IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER I.—Returning to London, practically penniless, after an unsuccessful business trip to South America, young Sir George Sanderson takes up with his widowed stepmother, his old nurse, "Aggie." He is not approved of her marriage to his father, but she makes an explanation that satisfies him. There is little left of the estate, and Lady Sanderson proposes they go to the United States to visit her brother, Robert MacBeth, a wealthy contractor. With no prospects in England, Sir George agrees.

CHAPTER II.—With his young daughter, Roberta, MacBeth is living on his estate, an island. The girl, who is a victim of arthritis and almost physically helpless, is leaving her father after an interchange of words. Roberta meets Lady Sanderson and Sir George, and assumes they are the new cook and butler, who had been expected. She directs them to the house, realizing with some surprise that the man is the landowner she has ever seen.

CHAPTER III.—MacBeth has been apprised of his sister's coming, or of her marriage, but he is glad to see her and invites the two to stay. Roberta is keeping a "date" with a young man, "Jack" Navarro, about whom she knows little, though she thinks she is in love with him. MacBeth arranges that Lady Sanderson take charge of the household, at a salary, and Sir George act as his secretary. Roberta is told of the arrangement and is not cordial.

CHAPTER IV.—Roberta tells her father she is "not interested" in Sir George, while the young man takes an attitude of complete indifference to her antagonism. An anonymous letter informs MacBeth of his daughter's meeting with Navarro. He makes light of the matter but admits he is worried over the safe conveyance of a play roll for a big window he is building. It is arranged that Roberta drive Sir George to a bank in a nearby village, where he is to be introduced to the manager and next day take the play roll to the workers. Sir George sees Roberta with Navarro, and recognizing him as the adventurer type, is alarmed for the girl's welfare.

CHAPTER V.—In Philadelphia a gathering of "business men" of which Navarro is one, discusses the possibility of stealing the play roll, which has all along been Navarro's objective. The matter is left to him. Roberta takes Sir George to the bank and later introduces him to her circle. She arranges for a dinner and dance in his honor, for the following Saturday.

"Roberta," he said impulsively, "do



"Roberta," he said impulsively, "do you know any reason why Sir George should be made a target?"

She shook her head. "I can't understand it at all."

Her father felt the sincerity in her voice. "Well," he admitted, "it's a puzzle."

Sir George strolled back and forth, back and forth, trying to puzzle out whether Roberta had or had not seen the man who fired the shot. His mind continually rejected the thought that the girl, with all her bad manners and temper, could play such a part. And yet? Unable to decide, he finally determined to stop thinking about it. Time would tell. It seemed impossible that Robert MacBeth's daughter could be in league with her father's silence meant? Sir George was positive, despite her carefully worded answers, that she had seen enough of the man who fired the shot to know or suspect much more than she had cared to tell.

CHAPTER VII

At Saturday night's dinner and dance, Robert MacBeth, though still a prisoner to the chafed tongue, was enjoying himself tremendously. Lady Sanderson, who was having an unmitigated triumph, looked about her with secret satisfaction. The terrace toward the river was hung with electric lanterns. The best orchestra procurable was playing the latest dance music, and a caterer from the city was in the kitchen.

Sir George, even Roberta admitted, it was a wonderful aid to any party. He had a certain intriguing bashfulness of demeanor that made him popular not only with the girls but

with the set that he danced well, giving himself up to the joy of it in a way Roberta had not expected. He had danced only once with Roberta. He had devoted himself to her guests both young and old who were, it seemed to Roberta, flattered by his attention. Jack was not here, had refused to come, to Roberta's annoyance. She would like to parade him in front of them all, especially her father's secretary.

Robert MacBeth looked with pride at Roberta's little, graceful young figure, and her flushed face with its soft halo of red curls, as she danced through the great hall and living room. He heard discriminate praise of her beauty from the older men, and knew from their actions that the younger men thought her lovely.

He beckoned his sister to him and said: "I'll not move from here until they go in to supper and then you can send August to take me to the library. The men can join me there after supper—at least those near my own age. Are you enjoying yourself, Aggie?"

"Just fine."

"The young people seem to be having a good time, too?" There was a question in Robert MacBeth's voice.

"Are they not? Listen to that!" The sound of young voices and vigorous applause came from the hall and living room. "One of the lassies is dancing Sir George some awfully nice. The Black Bottom, it's called! Did you ever hear the like, Rob? And the rest of them are standing round singing and clapping. It's fair awful! Yet somehow my little makes it look graceful. You like him, do you not, Rob?" She asked it with a little touch of anxiety in her voice.

"Like him?" Rob roared at her. "Aggie, I fair dote on him. If I were only sure he had the brains to stand up against young American business men I'd be tempted to give him a big boost in my business."

"Brains!" She looked at her brother with a withering scorn. "Brains enough to cope with your young Americans? Havers, Rob MacBeth! Did you not bring your own brains from across the water?"

"Calm yourself, Aggie, and go and look after the guests. It must be time to start them in to supper now. I fear for your senses when it's a question of that lad. After all, you are nothing but his stepmother."

Aggie's eyes blazed. "I'm far more than that. I'm the only friend he's got, and him the salt of the earth! Rob MacBeth, have you any idea how lonely that little's been? Scarcely seventeen years old when he was thrown into the war with all his class—just schoolboys. And him the only one of them to come out! Think of that! All of your young men over here have the friends that they made at the school or college, but my poor lad has none. Many a one's ready enough to make friends with him, but it's not the same thing, and there are few left on the other side to push him along. But he'll go back with his head high, without their help or yours."

"Well," Robert MacBeth admitted, "you make a pathetic case out of your young rascal, but as far as I can see from here, he's nothing on his mind but having a royal time, learning a new dance."

"Aye, that's all you see or any other outsider. It takes a woman to know the worth of a man."

"Then maybe you'd better find a woman and sing his praises to her." With a quick look at his sister, and the spirit of mischief gleaming in his eyes—"Why not pick out Roberta?"

"I still have my senses," his sister told him indignantly. "I don't want my nose snuffed off. And you may as well know, Rob, that I don't think Roberta's any thought of the young men hereabouts. The lads here are as fine as any she'll see in a month of Sundays, but they're an old story to your lady daughter. I can see her taking far inferior goods—just because they're new."

"She's too young to judge for herself," began her father.

"My certiest! Rob, try no to make a complete fool of yourself. Be sure she knows what she's after. Every lassie does, though she may not give it a name even to herself. But some are lucky enough to take it when they see it. I'm feared that Roberta's not that sort. She's full of the kind of youthful pride that will let a dash go by, though her mouth's watering for it, just to prove to herself and others that she's no caring—that she can take it or leave it, it's all one."

It was a long speech for Aggie. She drew breath and waited for her brother to show his understanding.

Robert spoke a little impatiently. "I'm obliged to you, Aggie, for your care of my girl, but Roberta has always found her own way out of any tangle and I think we're safe to trust her now. If I find she's really unhappy here I'll take her away but—well, she doesn't look unhappy tonight."

"No," admitted his sister with a little jerk of her firm chin—for what was the use of trying to show a man who could not see? "She does not, but looks as if everything."

As she walked away from him, Rob had to admit to himself that Aggie had brains as well as a prodigious nose and was a fine woman for her age.

Roberta saw her aunt hearing down upon her now, and for one moment she thought she was coming to protest about the dance.

But Lady Sanderson had no such idea. "Roberta," she said, and for all her presence she was a little nervous—she never knew just how Roberta would receive a suggestion—"do you think you could start them toward the supper room after the next dance?"

All the while, as the music

Aggie, Roberta told her gaily. She turned to Roger, who had been pursuing her. "Roger, tell the leader that the intermission for supper comes after the next dance."

"Then don't let anybody cut in on us until we get there," said Roger. "I refuse to carry the message myself."

"Oh, I can't promise anything," Roberta told him. "I tell you one thing—the man who takes me over to the musicians and delivers the message has the rest of the dance."

"Done," Sir George's voice said, and lowering over Roger, he gently replaced him as her partner.

Utterly ignoring another youth who tried to cut in, he had Roberta swiftly over by the musicians and gave her message to the leader.

Then Roberta suddenly found herself lifted over the sill of the long open doorway behind the musicians and out on the terrace.

"What on earth do you do that for?" she asked indignantly. "You don't want to dance with me."

"Not just now," he frankly admitted. "Though later on I'll enjoy it very much, thank you." Then as they went toward the edge of the terrace, he said softly, "I thought you might want to go with me down to the little landing place?"

"Why?"

"I think you'll see why if you go down there. I don't know whether you want your father to see, too."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I believe you," Sir George said simply and heartily. "Though most people wouldn't. I can make myself a little plainer, perhaps, by directing your attention to the canoes as we come toward them. You will notice that one of the canoes is occupied, and that the occupant is smoking a cigarette and waiting rather impatiently. I may be wrong, but I think he's waiting for you."

Roberta shrugged her shoulders. "How can I help it? In as large a party as this there's always likely to be at least one moon-calf."

"This isn't one of the guests," he told her dryly. "Or, if it is it's one of the guests who has been at the house yet."

Roberta's face stiffened in the moonlight as she stifled an exclamation and took a hurried step toward the little dock.

He followed her down. As they neared the dock, however, Roberta stopped and hesitated. "I—You must go back now. I'd rather meet him alone."

"Sorry, but I can't do that. Oh, absolutely not!"

Roberta faced him angrily. "I don't have to explain everything I do to

you. You've absolutely nothing to do with me or any of my affairs."

"Absolutely right! But since you are afraid of your father's eye, or you would bring this fellow into your father's house, you will pardon me if I remain on guard. At a sufficient distance, of course."

"You will do nothing of the kind. You will go to the house and join the others. I will come back at the end of this dance."

He shook his head. He was not, if his suspicions were correct, calmly going to look on at an attempt to kidnap MacBeth's daughter.

The girl turned on him about to say something drastic, when he moved so that the lantern light illumined his face. "I say," he called toward the girl figure in the canoe, "are you waiting to see me or Miss MacBeth?"

The cigarette was thrown lastly into the water. There was a faint sound of a paddle, and the canoe began to move.

"Is it you, Jack?" the girl called and hurried from her companions' side down to the water's edge.

"Flash" came from the water in a faint whisper. "What did you say to me?"

"I didn't," the girl protested. "I don't know you were here until I told me."

"Then go back," the voice hissed. "Tell him anything about me and I'll be the last you see of me."

The canoe moved off and slowly the girl retraced her steps to where, just out of hearing, Sir George stood. The cigarette dropped unlighted from his hand in his astonishment. The man was afraid of him. He was some one who knew him. There had been no danger yet for the girl, and that belief had surely been meant for him!

She came up to him and looked at him. For a moment they faced each other without a word. Then without a word she turned and

questioned his step and, side by side, in so mortal an emptiness that it held them together as tongue-tied as a pair of lovers, they went up the terrace steps.

Roger Dunham and Ray Browne met Roberta on the terrace, and after a little good-natured argument she finally went away with Ray.

Sir George went to the edge of the terrace and stood looking out toward the river, watching for a dark little spot that would be a canoe. But the follow must have made quick time, for there was no sign of any canoe. On the mainland a car flashed lights on and went speeding down the river. He had not seen the signal Roberta had given as she turned from the landing, and even if he had seen it he would not have known it meant, "Wait for me."

What would the girl do, Sir George wondered, now that she knew he was aware of this man? What game was she playing that was worth such a stake?

The secretary re-entered the library. "How much did the doctor say you might cut with impunity tonight?" he asked his employer.

Robert MacBeth rolled a sarcastic eye at his secretary. "A cup of soup and some crackers," he said with a grin. "August is coming presently to make me comfortable and then he'll send a waiter here."

"August can't make you nearly as comfortable as I can," Sir George answered confidently and proceeded to do it. Never, Robert MacBeth admitted, had he been made so comfortable.

"My word, you have gentle hands for a big fellow," he exclaimed, looking up with gratitude at the tall form that bent over him to straighten a pillow.

"Plenty of practice."

Robert MacBeth checked himself when he started to say "Where?" He remembered that this tall, slim young man before him had been through a dreadful novitiate during the great war.

"Why," he asked after a moment, as Sir George moved to ring for the waiter, "why do you so determinedly avoid rich girls? Seriously isn't that what you came here for—to make a rich marriage?"

Sir George drew himself erect and turned quickly and savagely. Then, as though the sight of the other man's helplessness checked his natural resentment, stiffened. "That what you think, too?"

"Isn't it true? Or at least partly true?" Robert MacBeth questioned, taking advantage of his infirmity. "Wouldn't it help you out Sanilshane in order and yourself on my feet?"

The young man's face darkened. "Oh, undoubtedly! But I'm not going to put Sanilshane in order at that price, nor am I sure that it would not take me off my feet."

He paused. "If you will believe me, sir, I would like very much to see it finally understood that I came out here for a job and nothing else. I'd like to put myself on my own feet."

He looked up again. "No matter what dear old Aggie says, that's the truth and," he hesitated, "and I'd be obliged if you would help me to believe it, and to tell Mr. MacBeth that you do believe it."

"Why, certainly," Roberta said. "MacBeth said I do."

"Because," the young man's face paled, "possibly if she was aware of this by you, she might change her attitude."

"Which is?"

"Which is one that I have not been accustomed to," Sir George said simply, "and which is not pleasant for a self-respecting man. If it will help matters out," he continued, "with the same quiet simplicity, you can assure Miss Roberta that if she had the wealth of India's best gold mine, I would not look the road she walked on, much less want to marry her. Her taste was healed."

Roberta's father surveyed him with gathering rage. "Set your mind at rest," he declared grimly. "There's no danger of her ever looking your road. I have that from her own lips."

"Good!" Then if you will take the trouble to tell her I never dreamed of lifting my eyes to her, or to your speechwork, you may make it easier for her to treat me as a harmless young man, her father's obliging secretary and no spy."

"I mean watching you do the work that I ought to do."

"Oh—odd expression that! I thought it meant a little marketing on my part for the household, and I was just a trifle bothered. I never did mind it, but of course that's no more."

To be Continued.

HANOVER

Mr. and Mrs. James Dill left Wednesday for Bowdoinham, from there they will go to Bangor to visit their son, J. Archie Dill, and family.

George Saunders is ill with the mumps. Mrs. Jones was in town Sunday.

The Ladies' Aid is to meet with Mrs. H. E. Dyer Thursday. Dinner will be served at noon.

Oxford Bear Lodge will observe Ladies' Night Friday evening.

Mrs. C. C. Barker arrived home from Massachusetts Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders and Addison attended the special fringe meeting at New York Corner Saturday night, when State Master Harry Crawford and wife were present. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders were presented with a large cake, with miniature bride and groom on top of it, as it was their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Chandler Hill, Bethel

Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Peabody and daughter Norma called for Mrs. V. Bean Sunday and all continued on for a trip to Whitefield, N. H.

Sunday guests at Robert Kirk's were Mrs. Annie Bean and D. M. Hill of Portland, Ethel Yeargle and Alfred Hodgkins of Hanover, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Jackman of Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brown and family.

Mrs. Kirk called on Ethel Yeargle

one day last week. Miss Yeargle is doing the housework for Wesley Bean at his new home in Hanover.

Several hunters are reported in this vicinity but to date the game seems to be among the missing.

Pearley and Parker Rainey are cutting cord wood for Robert Kirk this week.

Ambrose J. Gallant has gone to Auburn for a couple of weeks to do some house painting for Harry Isaacson.

Mrs. Wesley Bean returned from the Central Maine General Hospital two weeks ago and is staying at V. Bean's during her convalescence.

Ruth and Wesley Bean are now attending school in Hanover.

Year Bean was a business caller in West Paris Sunday.

Wesley Bean has had his truck chassis made longer and has been hauling lumber and wood for the past few days.

Middle Intervale School

Those receiving 100% in Spelling were Ralph Winslow, Harry Sanborn, Paul Carter, Ada Cotton, Dorothy Brown, George Brown, Hazel Winslow, Helen Stevens, Myrta Buck, Arlene Winslow, Lester Balentine, Jeannette Sanborn, Stanley Carter.

The following received 100% in Arithmetic: Ada Cotton, Arlene Winslow, Jeannette Sanborn.

Watch this Space for Dates



Byes Examined, Glasses Furnished

by

E. L. GREENLEAF, Optometrist

over Rowe's Store

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1

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ATWATER KENT Radios and Tubes,	Edw. P. Lyon
BAY STATE PAINTS and Varnishes,	D Grover Brooks
BIRD'S ROOFING, SHINGLES, etc.,	D. Grover Brooks
CELOTEX,	H. I. Bean, Building Material
COMMUNITY SILVERWARE,	J. P. Butts, Hardware
COMMUNITY and WM. ROGERS PLATE,	Edw. P. Lyon
CONGOLEUM ART SQUARES,	D. Grover Brooks
Edicott Johnson Shoes. Better Shoes for Everybody,	M. A. Naimoy
EXIDE BATTERIES,	Crockett's Garage
RISK and FIRESTONE TIRES,	Herrick Bros. Co.
FORD PRODUCTS,	Herrick Bros. Co.
FRIGIDAIRE—Sales and Service,	J. P. Butts, Hardware
GOODRICH RUBBERS,	ROWE'S
GOODRICH TIRES,	Crockett's Garage
GOODYEAR TIRES and TUBES,	Central Service Station
LAMSON & HUBBARD Hats and Caps,	ROWE'S
MURPHY'S VARNISHES and Stains,	J. P. Butts, Hardware
MYERS PUMPS,	D. Grover Brooks
NEPONSET WALL BOARD, H. I. BEAN, Building Material	
OAKLAND-PONTIAC Automobiles,	Crockett's Garage
PLASTER BOARD, Bestwall and Gypsum, H. I. Bean, Bldg Material	
POWDRPAINT,	H. I. Bean, Building Material
PYREX WARE,	J. P. BUTTS, Hardware
RADIOA, Majestic, Stainite, Crosley Radios,	Crockett's Garage
ROYAL TYPEWRITERS,	The Oxford County Citizen
STANLEY TOOLS,	D. Grover Brooks
STANLEY and Millers Falls Tools,	J. P. Butts, Hardware
TOWN AND COUNTRY Sport Togs,	ROWE'S
VICTOR RADIO AND VICTOR RECORDS	E. P. LYON
WALK OVER SHOES,	ROWE'S

Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 40 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.
Each word more than 25, one cent per word per week.
Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Four year old Durham cow. This cow is good for one pound of butter per day at present. Due to freshen in April. Also one six months old heifer calf, large for age. Frank A. Brown, Northwest Bethel. 27p

FOR SALE—Fall shrubs and Dorothy Perkins rose bushes. Inquire at Citizens Office. 29p

FOR SALE—Natural Gray Yarn, also pig, cord wood and fitted wood. A. B. Kimball, Bethel. 27p

FOR SALE—Upland Maple Cord wood and fitted wood, also first quality new potatoes delivered anywhere in Bethel. Roy C. Blake, Bethel, Telephone 21-34. 21p-1f

APPLES FOR SALE—Winter Fruit at reasonable prices. N. A. Stearns, H. E. D. 4, Bethel. 27p

FOR SALE—Laying R. I. Red Pullets, Chester White Pigs. G. K. Hastings & Sons. 24f

RUG AND KNITTING YARNS—For sale by manufacturer, samples free. H. A. Bartlett, Hallowell, Maine. 29

FOR SALE—Knee Grand Parlor Stove, No. 149. In good condition. Cheap for cash. Apply at Citizens Office. 28

FOR SALE—Two pair yearling steers. Inquire of Ralph Richardson, Hallowell, Maine. 27p

FOR SALE—Fitted Hard Wood, \$12 card. Slabs and edgings \$6.00. Few good trades in second hand cars. Year Beans, Bethel. 24f

Guns, Rifles, Ammunition and Traps—Supplies, bought, sold and exchanged. H. I. Bean, Fur Buyer, Bethel, Maine. 23f

Wanted

AGENTS WANTED—In every locality to sell our quality hosiery. Good profits. Send for proposition. Lellerson Hosiery Co., Everett, Mass. 31p

WANTED—Work of any kind by the day or hour; also will care for children evenings for parents to go out. Mrs. Mabel Black, Telephone 33-3. 28p

Lost and Found

LOST—Small pocketbook containing two dollar bill, in or near Bethel Village, Thursday, Oct. 2. Finder return to Citizens office. 28

Miscellaneous

PIANO TUNING—H. L. White will be in Bethel early in November. Or write with P. O. Box or write 7 West Park St., Bethel. 23p

NOTICE

Have your Watches and Clocks repaired by an Expert Watchman so they will be done in a first-class manner and keep time which is the test.
W. T. SMITH, Jeweler, West Paris, Me.

Heating and Plumbing

All Work Promptly Cared For by a Competent Plumber

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Shingles, Doors, Windows and Frames.

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Our job shop is as near to you as your telephone. Phone us to call and we will be right on the job to get the job you have for us.

Ford Digs Two Mile Tunnel for A Billion Gallons of Water a Day

Nearly a billion gallons of water a day—more than is used by the cities of Detroit, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Washington combined—will be the capacity of a huge tunnel now nearing completion at the Rouge Plant of the Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

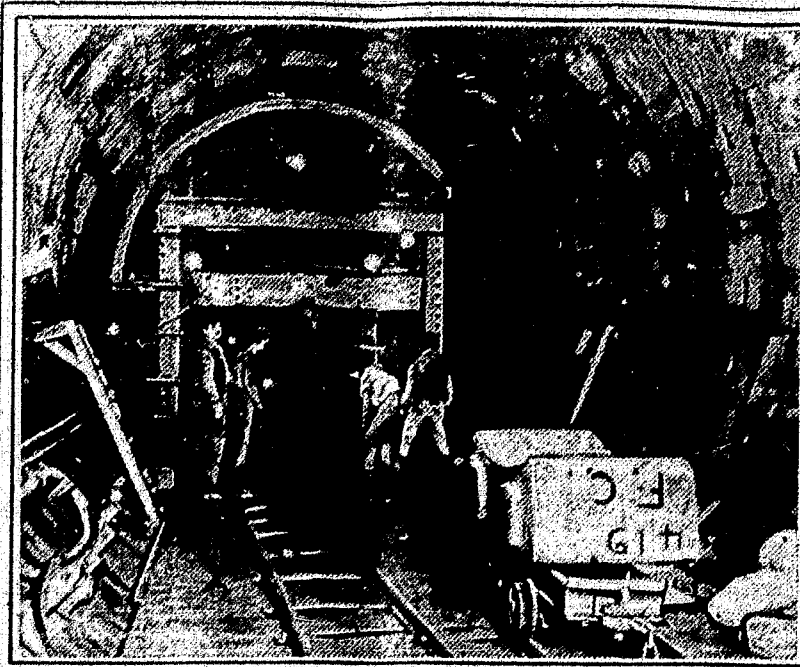
The tunnel will replace the present water intake system which supplies the Ford plants with 500,000,000 gallons a day. At the same time the company is remodeling its power house to greatly increase the power output. Both improvements, costing several million dollars, are being made to enlarge the production facilities of the Ford plant.

Sixty Feet Under Ground

In constructing the waterway, the largest of its kind ever undertaken by a single business concern, the engineers are burrowing sixty feet under ground for a distance of two and a fifth miles. They have gone under main highways, railroads, street car tracks, bridges, a cemetery and a creek.

One of the most difficult tasks was that of tunneling under Baby Creek at a point which is crossed by a railroad bridge and where also a large sewer is under construction by the city of Detroit. The piles that provide the foundation for the bridge and those driven by the company constructing the sewer formed a network on each side of the creek. It was the task of the Ford engineers to burrow under the creek, sewer and bridge, going between the piles without striking or weakening them.

Boring of the tunnel is accomplished by means of a shield—a large steel cylinder fourteen feet long and twenty



The head of one of the sections of the Ford tunnel showing the machinery used to burrow through the ground. In the foreground is one of the concrete blocks used to line the tunnel which has an inside diameter of fifteen feet.

one foot in outside diameter with a solid steel shell or skin two and a fourth inches thick. This shield has a bulkhead which is made fast near the front end. There are four openings through which the mud streams, like toothpaste from a tube, as the shield is shoved forward by twenty powerful hydraulic jacks.

When the shield has been pushed forward sufficiently concrete blocks two and a half feet wide and five feet long, each weighing 3,420 pounds, are

placed to form a ring around the circumference of the tunnel. One of them acts as a keystone so that the lining of concrete, which is eighteen inches thick, withstands the pressure of the earth. After this steel forms are set up and filled with concrete to form a solid inner lining which is also eighteen inches thick.

The present intake system of the Ford plant has a capacity of 500,000,000 gallons a day. The new tunnel will be able to carry 913,600,000 gallons.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
L. A. Edwards, Pastor

9:30. Church School. Miss Ida Keady, Superintendent.
10:15. Morning worship. This is general Exchange Sunday throughout the churches of the County in the interests of Fraternization. Let us greet the preacher of the morning with a church well filled.
6:30. Comrades of the Way. This will be a secret meeting as there is to be an initiation ceremony.

BETHEL M. E. CHURCH
Rev. R. C. Dalzell, Minister
Sunday School at 9:45. Superintendent, Mrs. Bertha Wheeler.
Morning Worship, 10:45.
Epworth League, 6 P. M.
Evening Worship, 7 P. M.
Class Meeting Tuesday evening at 7.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY
Chapman Street
Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject of the lesson sermon, Probation after Death.
Sunday School at 10 o'clock.
Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7:30 P. M.

LOCKE MILLS CHURCH
Rev. R. C. Dalzell, Pastor
Sunday School, 1:30 P. M.
Church services, 2:30.
Friday evening, October 24, the church members and friends are invited to an entertainment at this church. Do not miss this unusual offering of music and recitation.

NORTH NEWRY CHURCH
Rev. Norman S. Davis, Pastor
Sunday, 10:45 A. M., Preaching Service.

UPTON CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Rev. Norman S. Davis, Pastor
Sunday, 10 P. M., Preaching Service.

St. Peter Held Founder

of Westminster Abbey
Two fishermen, one so humble that not even his name is known, the other the greatest of all, St. Peter himself, are responsible for the building of Westminster Abbey, according to legend.

One tradition says that the saint founded the original church on the Island of Thorney, for the site was an island formed by an arm of the river, but the popular version is that the first consecrated building was erected by Peter, who founded the original of Peter's cathedral.

The night before the church was dedicated a great fisherman was at work on the fishing side of the river when he found a fish which he took to be a salmon. He carried it to the church and there he discovered that it was the body of a fisherman who had been drowned in the river.

The fish was so large that it could not be carried to the church. It was left on the river bank and the fisherman who had caught it was killed by the fish.

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GREENWOOD CITY

Mr. and Mrs. William Hastings and family were callers at George Cole's Sunday.

Flora Swan, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Robert Morgan, returned to her home at Locke Mills on Tuesday.

Pupils on the honor roll in the Greenwood City school for a period of six weeks are Valerie Ring and Delphina Whitman, Grade VIII; Fay Morgan, Grade VII; Helma Huokola, Grade V; Saara Kyllonen, Grade V; and Blanche Lowe, Grade III. Pupils not missing more than one word in spelling for six weeks are Delphina Whitman and Saara Kyllonen.

Bethel Grammar School, Grade V. The following received 100% in Arithmetic for the week ending Oct. 24: Barbara Bean, Vivian Berry, Janice Brooks, Jane Chapin, Joyce Chapman, Virginia Chapman, Helen Crouse, John Currier, Marjorie Fish, Robert Gordon, Phyllis Hunt, Royden Keady, Elizabeth Lyon, Edward Robertson, Geraldine Stanley, Christie Thorstein, Elaine Warren, Mary Wheeler, Winfield Robertson.

Those who received 100% in Spelling: Barbara Bean, Vivian Berry, Jane Chapin, Helen Crouse, John Currier, Robert Gordon, Phyllis Hunt, Edsel Jodrey, Royden Keady, Frank Littlejohn, Elizabeth Lyon, Dorothy Mooka, Geraldine Stanley, Mary Wheeler.

Fort Fairfield cornerstone laid for new St. Dennis Catholic Church building, costing \$60,910 upon completion.

Born

In Watford, Oct. 20, to the wife of Harold I. Miller, a daughter.
In Canaan, N. H., Oct. 16, to the wife of Lawrence Kimball, a son.
In Watford, Oct. 19, to the wife of Edwin Austin, a daughter.
In Watford, Oct. 17, to the wife of Roy Manning, a daughter.
In South Paris, Oct. 19, to the wife of Alvin L. Baker, a son, John Luther.
In Watford, Oct. 17, to the wife of Leander C. Austin, a son, Clarence Edwin.
In Watford, Oct. 17, to the wife of Fred Wiggins, a son, Lyle.

Married

In Watford, Oct. 19, by Rev. L. A. Edwards, Rev. L. A. Edwards and Miss Melba P. Smith, both of Bethel.
In Watford, Oct. 17, by Rev. L. A. Edwards, Miss Helen Crouse and Miss Helen Crouse, both of Watford.
In South Paris, Oct. 19, by Rev. L. A. Edwards, Miss Helen Crouse and Miss Helen Crouse, both of Watford.
In Watford, Oct. 17, by Rev. L. A. Edwards, Miss Helen Crouse and Miss Helen Crouse, both of Watford.
In Watford, Oct. 17, by Rev. L. A. Edwards, Miss Helen Crouse and Miss Helen Crouse, both of Watford.

Died

In Watford, Oct. 16, Mrs. Mary E. Smith, formerly of Watford, aged about 70 years.
In Watford, Oct. 16, Alpha T. Poirer.
In Watford, Oct. 16, Mrs. Emma Jane (Wheeler) Toney, aged 72 years.
In Watford, Oct. 19, Mrs. Arvola A. Tracy, aged 72 years.
In Watford, Oct. 19, Charles Shaw, aged about 60 years.
In Watford, Oct. 19, Charles A. Frost, aged 83 years.
In Watford, Oct. 19, Mr. Elmer J. May, aged 73 years.
In Watford, Oct. 19, Byron A. Evans of Watford, aged 68 years.
In Watford, Oct. 19, Samuel H. Laidlaw, a native of Norway, aged 78 years.
In Watford, Oct. 19, Joseph P. Gammon, a native of Sweden, aged 92 years.

LOCKE MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Tebbets attended a football game in Hanover, N. H., Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bailey were in Watford Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Noyes of Oakland visited Sunday at Marie Tarvey's.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Teltbets spent the week end in New York and John visited with his grandparents at Mechanic Falls.

Mrs. Dustin is still with Mrs. Hannah Coolidge.

Mrs. Hermon Cummings and Mrs. Celia Gorman of Albany spent the day Wednesday with Mrs. Linwood Averill of Watford.

Herbert Day returned home from Brunswick Sunday night where he went moose hunting.

Silas Keniston was in West Paris Tuesday on business.

A Chrysler car burned Wednesday morning between here and Bryant Pond. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swan were in Watford Saturday evening.

Lincoln—Lincolnville Mills resumed operations.

Howe Brook—Work started on 75-foot forestry service lookout at this place.

Portland—Canal National Bank established parking field service for automobiles.

Keep Watch for the "Feverish Cold"

If you are "run down" or out of condition, if sluggish bowels have allowed poisonous impurities to accumulate in your system, you are liable to suffer from "feverish" colds.

Dr. True's Elixir

will ward off or lessen these attacks, because Dr. True's Elixir is made of tested herbs of pure quality that put the system in good condition, and relieve constipation.

The True Family Laxative
Economical family size \$1.20; other sizes 60c and 40c.

Successfully used for over 77 years

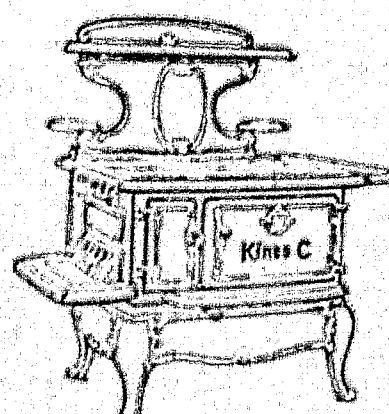
SPECIAL ON New Golden Bantam Corn Short Time Only

2 Cans for 25c
6 Cans for 70c
12 Cans for \$1.25

Firm Bananas 7c lb.
Concord Table Grapes 23c basket.
Large Sunkist Oranges 59c and 69c Doz.
Pop Corn 2 lbs. 25c
Fresh Frozen Strawberries 30c lb.
Bulk Dates 2 lb. 25c.

DAVE'S FRUIT STORE

LET A KINEO WORK FOR YOU



and see how easy every cooking problem is solved.

KINEOS WORK WITH PRECISION

giving uniform results from the simplest possible Management.

You need KINEO service.

D. Grover Brooks

Bethel, Maine

VOLUME XXX

GEHRINGS O

A

Family Gathering in Cle

On Monday, Oct. 20, celebration at the home of G. Bourne Farnsworth the forty-second wedding of Dr. and Mrs. J.

Around the table of the celebration were the guests of the bride and groom. The table was covered with white and the gifts of white were many.

The bride wore a gown of white and the groom wore a suit of white. The bride's hair was styled in a bun and the groom's hair was styled in a pompadour.

The bride's bouquet was of white flowers and the groom's boutonniere was of white flowers. The bride's veil was of white and the groom's tie was of white.

The bride's shoes were of white and the groom's shoes were of white. The bride's gloves were of white and the groom's gloves were of white.

The bride's ring was of white and the groom's ring was of white. The bride's earrings were of white and the groom's earrings were of white.

The bride's necklace was of white and the groom's necklace was of white. The bride's bracelet was of white and the groom's bracelet was of white.

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